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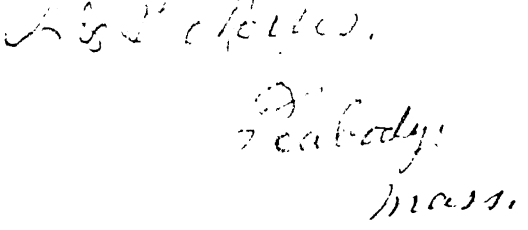

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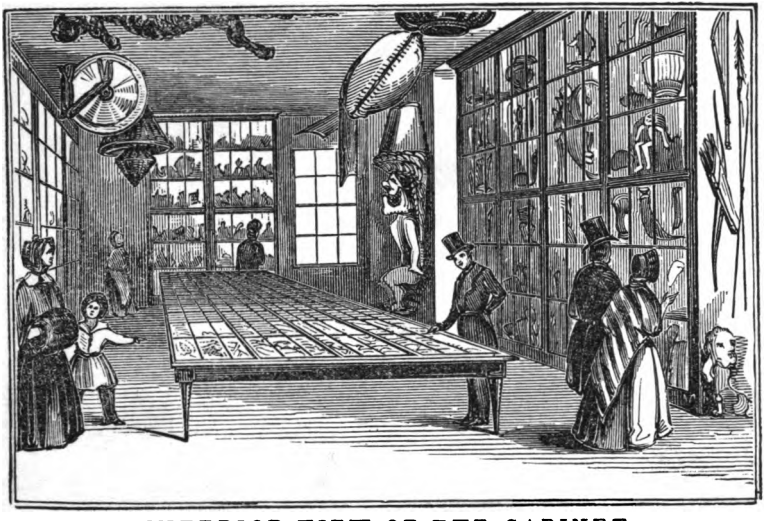

INTERIOR VIEW OF THE CABINET.

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MISSIONARY CABINET.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "NANCY FELL," "JASPER," "THE IMPORTANT DECISION," &C.

by
Mrs. Helen C. Knight

Written for the Massachusetts Sabbath School Society, and approved by the Committee of Publication.

BOSTON:
MASSACHUSETTS SABBATH SCHOOL SOCIETY,
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MISSIONARY CABINET.

"HAVE you ever been at the Missionary Cabinet?"

"I never heard of it before," answers one child, "I do not know where it is."

"I wonder where it is?" asks some Boston boy.

"Do tell us where it is, I should love to go," declares another.

"I try to help the dear missionaries, I am sure it would delight me very much to visit their Cabinet. Where is it?"

I will tell you where it is, and you must be sure to visit it, whenever you

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have an opportunity. It is in the city of Boston. I dare say *some* of the Boston Sabbath school children will be greatly surprised when they hear that, for I suppose many of them are quite ignorant of such a place. They know where the Common is, and the State House, and they may have visited the Natural History Rooms, and the New-England Museum; but the MISSIONARY CABINET they have still to visit. Now I will tell you where it is, and when children from the country visit the city, they must be sure to go there, to behold the curious things which the missionaries have sent home from the heathen lands where they are at work.

"Well, but how to get there." I will tell you.

Suppose you are at the Park Street

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church. Every body can find that, because it is on the corner of Tremont and Park streets, opposite to the very eastern corner of the Common. Go down Tremont street by the great Tremont House, you will know it by the granite front, and granite pillars supporting the portico: then by a row of large, handsome stores, with many fine things at the windows. This is called Tremont Row. Pass along these buildings, and then you come, at the left, to a clean, wide street, going from the row up a gentle rise of ground. This is a part of Pemberton Square. As you go up on the left hand side you will see on the back side of a high building, in large letters,

"AMERICAN BOARD OF COMMISSIONERS FOR FOREIGN MISSIONS."

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Here is the Missionary House. You pass a small side door, with smaller letters over it, "Missionary Rooms." People, who have particular business with the Society, such as subscribing for the Day-Spring, or paying for the Herald, or carrying missionary collections from the churches, usually enter here: and should you enter, you would behold in one room Day-Springs and Heralds, pile upon pile, ready to be sent away all over the world: in another, very likely you may see barrels and huge boxes and little ones, of various kinds: some marked "Syria," some "Honolulo, Sandwich Islands," some "Canton," waiting for the next ship to carry them to some distant missionary, or ready to accompany some new missionary who is just going out; or perhaps they have directed

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on them "To the Missionary Rooms, Boston, Mass., United States:" in that case they are curiosities for the Cabinet, from some of the missionary stations, or the goods of some deceased missionary, that are sent back again. Should you go a little farther, you might peep in and go into a huge iron safe, where all the important papers and documents, and records of the Missionary Society are safely and snugly locked up. All these are in the basement of this large building. However, we will not enter this side door now, but pass by it a little way, then make a turn to the left and find ourselves in Pemberton Square. Run up the front steps of the "Missionary House," and open the door: then you are in the entry. You will see the different doors of the rooms labeled

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with the names of the different officers of the Society, whose offices are in the rooms: but no Missionary Cabinet or Museum do you behold yet. Go up stairs to the second story; there you will find Dr. Anderson's room, with the other Secretaries. No Cabinet yet. Up the second flight of stairs: ah, there it is,

"CABINET OF CURIOSITIES."

staring you in the face, on the right side of the stairs. Let us enter: a high, large, bright room—how pleasantly it looks! what do you see?*

"Oh, what is that away up in the opposite corner? what is it so dark and grim! what is it?"

Come, let us look at it a little nearer. It has legs, and arms, and a body,

* See Frontispiece.

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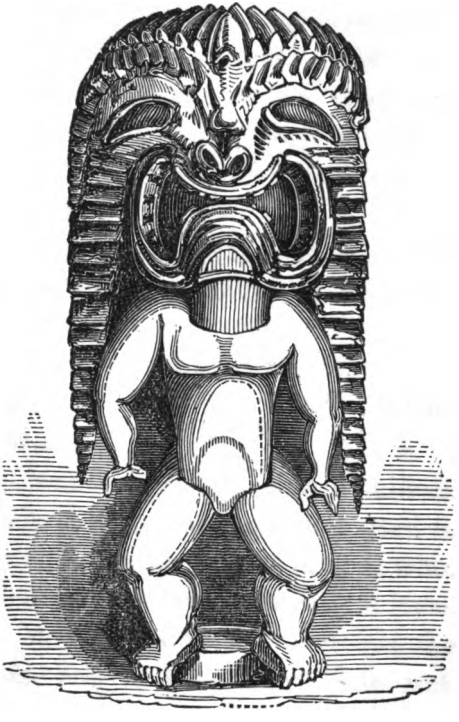

GOD OF THE SANDWICH ISLANDERS.

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and a head, and staring eyes, and a big mouth. It is quite erect, and looks a very little like the image of a man; and yet it does not look like a man, for no man was ever such a hideous object.

"What is it? It is made of wood, and it seems as if it were pretty old, too."

That is a god!

"A god!" you will exclaim, "I am glad it is not my God. Whose god was it?"

It was a god of the Sandwich Islanders, a god to whom they used to pray and offer sacrifices—a god, who, they believed, taught them to leave their old parents to die alone in the forests, and to bury their little sick babies in the mud, because they did not want the trouble of taking care of them—oh, it was a wicked god!

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Yes, indeed, you will allow, while you shudder at the thought of worshiping such a being. The poor Sandwich Islanders were heathen then, bowing down to blocks of wood and stone.

"Are they heathen now?"

No, they are not heathens now. Did you ever hear how good people first began to become interested in them? Obookiah, a poor orphan boy, whose parents were killed in a bloody fight, sailed from the Sandwich Islands in a ship to this country. He felt so lonely and desolate, after his parents were dead, that he did not care where he went. The ship came into New York; Obookiah was very much astonished at the strange sights he saw there; the churches, and Sabbaths, and Bibles surprised him too, and the

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kind conduct of every body who loved these things. When he saw people read, he wanted to learn to read too: he found it rather hard work at first, but he learned at last; and then he wanted to find out what was in the Bible. There he discovered something about the True and Living God; —oh, how foolish did idol-worship appear to him. "Hawaii gods! they *wood, burn,*" he exclaimed, "me go home, put 'em in the fire, burn 'em up. They no *see*, no *hear*, no *any thing —we make them;* our god," looking up to heaven, "*He* made *us.*"

Obookiah prayed Jesus to wash his sins away and make him very good. Yes, the poor heathen boy became a humble, praying Christian boy. Then he was very anxious to go back again to his Islands, and carry something

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back to his people. Can you guess what that *something* was ?

"A new suit of clothes, such as they wear in this country, for there the people wear clothes made of the bark and roots of trees."

No.

"Jacknives, or saws, or spades or ——or—— ?"

No—no—he wanted to carry them the *Bible*, nothing but the Bible, and he wanted some missionaries to go out and tell them how to read it, for he often said, "His people very wicked people."

Good men began to feel a great interest in the matter, and they said, "Let us sail on to Obookiah's Islands and take him with us, and tell the poor heathen about the true God and our precious Saviour." The churches

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told them they should be supported if they would go; and they began to get ready as fast as they could. This was in the year 1818, nearly thirty years ago. Obookiah was as glad as could be. They took passage in a ship bound thither, and the day for sailing came. The missionaries went, but the young man did *not* go. Do you know why? *He was dead!* He had gone on his last great voyage to the port of Peace. God took him to himself. Perhaps he looked down from heaven and saw the missionaries sail, and land away, away off on his islands, and saw his people welcome them. When the missionaries explained all about what they came for, these ignorant islanders seemed very glad, and it was not many months before they began to cast down their ug-

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ly idols, and hew them up, and seriously to say to one another, "Come, let us obey the true God, who lives in the great heaven."

This idol is one they gave the missionary to bring home.

There are some others in the room, too. Do you see that long round pole fastened to the legs of this long table in the middle of the floor? It is eight or ten feet long. Now look at the top. Sure enough, it is surmounted by a little thin, grinning head. Yes, that too is a god, a long, slender pole-of-a-god as ever was. It was a national god.

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CASE FIRST.

LET us take a peep at the different cases. Here is number I., a large case at the end of the room, on the right as you enter. What does it contain? Many curious things it would seem.

The middle part of the case is filled with idols, the Budhist idols, those worshiped by the people of South Asia. They are small, scrubby looking idols, almost forty in number. Most of them are covered with gilt. Let us look at them a little more closely. The largest and best looking is richly covered with gilt, with an ornamental head-dress, sitting in a magnificent chair, colored red. Here

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is another figure of a woman sitting in a chair, with wooden feet, covered with clay, peeling off. This is "Teën How Yuen Kuen," which means, "Heavenly Empress, Original Sovereign:" a high sounding title truly. There is another,—a "short man with short legs, a real dwarf." "Who is he?" There is his name,—"Tow Yuen Shwae." "And what does this mean?" "Small-pox, original commander." Original commander of the small pox, I suppose! That is curious enough. I wonder how they thought he commanded it; if he could send it upon the people, he could not stop it; for when the poor people were sick with it,—and you know it is a dreadful disease,—they used to beseech him to heal them; but he could not do it. No, indeed, the poor dwarf of a god,

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could not help them in the hour of need; and hundreds, and thousands of the people used to die of it. But lately these poor tribes have gotten help. Do you know where from? Why, the dear missionaries have carried them help. The missionaries went to Siam, and the poor heathen were greatly afraid of them at first: and when they tried to quiet their fears, saying, "We want to do you good,—we want to tell you about the precious Bible," still they hung back. Then the missionaries said, "You are sick,—the dreadful small-pox is here; we can stop it,—Come let us help you; so that it shall not kill so many of you." The Siamese could hardly believe it, while the missionaries began to vaccinate their arms.

"Oh, that wont stop it, just prick-

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ing our arms. No, no, you shall not cheat us this way!" and they ran off, thinking it was all a hoax. A few were willing to stay. They said, "We can but try, there is no harm in trying." So they were vaccinated. And the next year, sure enough, when the small-pox raged again, not one of those who had been vaccinated by the missionaries, was taken sick; but they could go all about among the sick and dying, not afraid at all, and as well as could be all the time. The people began to see how it was. "See, see! those men, whom the missionaries have doctored! Why, they have not got the small-pox! they are not dreadfully sick as we are!" they said one to another, and they began to think the missionaries were right, after all. They came and prayed, "Help

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us too!" and when they found the missionaries had done so great good to their *bodies*, they said, "Now we will believe they have come to do good to our souls. Let us go and hear what they have to say; they are honest men, those preachers are, we know." And so they came to listen to what they had to say; for they saw that these Christians, though only *children* of the true God, possessed far more knowledge and skill than "Tow Yuen Shwae," a very god himself, and "original commander of the small-pox," into the bargain. Ah, the little dwarf is losing his power fast enough. See him stand there. Can you scarcely believe he was worshiped?

Look! here are some more.

"Teen Woo," Thunder Mother.

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"Tseen Tsung Yay," One thousand universal grandfather.

"Lung Wang Tae Paoo," The Dragon King, great Protector.

"Shing Woo Neäng Neäng," Holy Mother, Holy Lady.

Ha! here is a stubbed old fellow. Who is it? "Kwei Yuen Shwae," The Devil, original commander. So it seems they worshiped the Devil too! Yes, it appears very much like it, truly, when we think what horrid rites the poor heathens practice; casting their dear little girls unto hungry crocodiles, for instance.

There is another black looking elf. "Luy Shim," Thunder God. I wonder if he is any relation to Thunder Mother, on the shelf below.

What is this too? It is a dark, savage

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idol, indeed, called, "Three Teeth," True Sovereign, a queer name!

Here at the bottom of the case, are four horrid looking idols; one is from Madras. It has four hands, with a black, smiling face, and red lips. The next is "Hamani Toua," from the Marquesas Islands, a Nukuhivan image which is carried into battle to animate the soldiers.

The next is the "Poison god of Hawaii." It is one of the most ugly looking idols in the cabinet. It is made of wood, of a mahogany color, with a monkey-looking head, covered with hair. The place for the poison is in the back. The next idol is from West Africa, and is almost as ugly as his neighbor, "Poison god."

The upper shelves are filled with Brahminic idols. They are partly of

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brass, and partly of wood, covered with fine cloth.

There is something on the right, which looks like India rubber, but it is not. It is the fruit of the Palmyra tree, pressed and spread on mats to dry, and it is then used for food.

Ah, here are some things from China. Look! a Chinese shoe.* Oh, what a shape! No front part at all scarcely. You know, smallness of feet is the great beauty of Chinese ladies; and so while they are yet babies, their feet are bandaged up, like the one you see, until the front part terminates in a stump, while the heel projects two inches backward: any thing but pretty.

Here is a "Sepulchral Urn," con-

* See engraving on page 100.

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taining human bones. It was dug up in a garden adjoining the mission-house, at Beirût, Syria.

Some India ink too. India ink is quite famous, you know, and altogether different from our liquid ink. It is made of smoke black. It is said that the fat of pork burnt in a flame, is the best for this purpose. It is made into a paste by rubbing it with oil, and then sweet scents are added to take away the disagreeable fat smell. It is then dried in cakes, and stamped as we usually find it, in Chinese characters.

Look sharp. There are many more curious things.

Pass along to the left side of the case, and there are some articles from the Sandwich Islands. A cape made of beautiful birds' feathers.

A drinking cup from the cocoa-nut.

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Some small socks too, knit by the little Sandwich Islanders, in Miss Brown's school. Necklaces of teeth and shells,—strange necklace enough, an ornament of one of the chiefs. A Hawaiian Drum, made of a pine log, which floated from the North West Coast of America; a skin is drawn over the top to make a noise upon.

Ah, see there, on each side of that beautiful coral tree, are two more of their ugly idols. They have no need for these pitiful gods now, as they have become acquainted with the true and blessed God of Heaven.

There is a bottle of water from the Dead Sea. What strange stories are told of that sea. The water looks clear, but it is bitter and brackish, and then it is so heavy, that it is quite difficult to sink in it. No fish can live

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there, and the shores are destitute of vegetation; even the birds do not love to reside about it. Every thing around is dark and desolate, and fills the mind with gloom. No sail is ever seen upon the bosom of this sea, and no quiet homes or busy population inhabit its banks. How different from the Sea of Galilee, not a great many miles north of it. Do you know whence the Dead Sea came? Do you remember what cities lie engulphed beneath its waters? Oh, it is a very dreadful story; but it is a true one; and it shows how God can punish the wicked.

In this case I see a piece of wood, a piece of Cedar from Lebanon. Have you heard often of the celebrated cedars of Lebanon? Frequent mention is made of them in the Bible. The Temple, and Solomon's palace were

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built of them; they are beautiful, yet grave and majestic, and yield a gum, which sheds a sweet flavor on the air. It is among the most durable kinds of wood, which eminently fits it for timber. Modern travelers, who go to Palestine, always try to visit the Cedars; one group of which is greatly celebrated. It is situated on the south western slope of the mountains, where it is quite cold a great part of the year. Travelers three hundred years ago, describe about thirty of this group, as being very grim and old. More recent travelers say that the old ones are diminished now, to the number of six or seven. How old they must be now to have been considered old three hundred years ago! They probably existed in the time of the Saviour, and could tell many a sad

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tale of that land, could they speak to us.

Let us look at some of the Scriptural allusions to this tree.

"The voice of the Lord breaketh the cedars: yea the Lord breaketh the Cedars of Lebanon." Here the idea of its strength is advanced; but there is a more powerful than the cedar, which can break it. "The righteous shall grow like a cedar in Lebanon," comely and flourishing.

"I destroyed the Amorite, whose height was like the cedar."

"Behold, the Assyrian was a cedar in Lebanon, with fair branches, and a shadowing shroud, and of a high stature; and his top was among the thick boughs." How beautiful is this description of the tree!

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"His countenance is as Lebanon, excellent as the cedars."

Do not these beautiful comparisons give you a very correct idea of the tree."

There is a Sandwich Island pillow, manufactured from Bamboo. Have you ever heard what a useful tree the Bamboo is? It can be wrought into bedsteads, tables and chairs, to say nothing of pillows: masts, carts and wheel-barrows: it forms screens, ropes, cords, twine, bridges, baskets, mats, paper. By tying a few of these reeds together, one can make a swimming jacket, that will serve as a life preserver. It is a species of cane, and grows to eighty feet high. I do not know of any northern plant that answers so many purposes, do you?

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Bamboo handicraft does not require any great labor; it is easily wrought, and it is found in those climates where the heat is so great that the inhabitants are incapable of making very severe exertion. That seems like a wise arrangement, does it not?

Have you looked enough in this case! There are many more things to see than I have pointed out; you can note them yourselves.

Let us make a bow to these rows of little idols, and tell them we are very happy to see them so snugly locked up in this case; they may consider themselves mighty well off, considering the mischief they have occasioned in the country where they came from. They can do no harm where they now are, and perhaps a bit of good. Yes, they may at last do a bit of good, in

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making us feel more thankful than ever, that we were not born in their dominions. Yes, children, be thankful not only with your lips, but with your hearts, and your lives. Devote your whole life as a thank-offering to your God.

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CASE SECOND.

Now let us pass to case second, there almost behind the door. Here too we find a great variety of objects.

There is a curious piece of cloth, part of the envelope of a *Mummy*. A Mummy, as perhaps you may know, is a *dried dead body*, preserving all its natural looks. This process of preservation, used to be known and practiced in Egypt, three or four thousand years ago; and bodies thus dealt with, are found in the Catecombs, those great burial places under ground. Their coffins, on being opened, disclose the hard dead body, enveloped in yards, and yards of colored linen. No marks

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of decay appear. This is a piece of the linen.

What is here? A small but beautiful painting on ivory. Who is it? That is the likeness of Saint Metrophane, one of the last Russian Saints. He was born in 1632. In 1832, his bones were dug up and carried along

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the streets of a town in Russia, in great state; the people declared these bones wrought great miracles, healing the sick perhaps, and opening the eyes of the blind. Even their great Emperor, Nicholas, pretended to believe in them. It seems quite as foolish to suppose these old bones to possess any such miraculous power, as it does for the poor Catholic Germans to imagine their old coat does. Have you heard about the old coat of Treves? From one of the German cities called Treves, the Bishop sent word to all the people around the country, far and near, to come and visit the great church of Treves, in order to behold the seamless coat which he was going to hang up there; and the sight of which would heal them of their sicknesses, and cure them of their sins;

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for this coat, he declared, was the *very* coat Jesus Christ wore when he appeared before Pilate.

"But," added the Bishop, "every body who wants to see it, must bring some *money* with him. Such a sight must be *paid* for." The people came in flocks: they made gay processions, and walked through the church to look at it. The moment they cast their eyes upon it, they cried out, "Holy Coat, hear us." "Holy Coat, save us!"

Was not that very wicked, as well as very foolish? One would suppose this Bishop knew better. Ah, he wanted the *money*, and hit upon this way of getting it. You see the poor people in *Catholic*, as well as heathen countries, are taught wickedly by their priests. Old coats, and old bones, cannot save your souls, can they, my

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dear children? No, nothing but what *Jesus* has done for you, can do that. You must pity the Catholics very much.

Here is a *stone*, *with Jesus on the Cross* carved on it; used by the Catholics of Ooromiah, in Asia. They really worship *that image*, and say their prayers to it, without much thought of the Jesus who is in heaven. Here are some *Rosaries* too: see them,—strings of beads carried in the hand for amusement, every now and then there comes a large bead, and some of perfumed wood, used by the Mahommedans, in counting their prayers. With such the Catholics also count their prayers, small prayers for small beads, long prayers for large beads. Many, if not all of these prayers are addressed

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to Mary, the Mother of Jesus. They call her "Queen of Angels," "Tower of David," "Sweet Rosebud," "Morning Star;" yet Mary was a mortal, like one of us. It is as wicked to adore her as the old coat, or Saint Metrophane's bones. Yes, let us pity the poor Roman Catholics, and try to do them all the good we can.

Here are ornaments worn by the dancing girls in South India.

What else is here? There is a *Powder Flask* made of camel's hide, brought from Persia. And here are coins of all sizes and value.

There is a *Spoon* too, very light, it seems to be made of bamboo.

A *Brick* from lower Egypt. Brick making is one of the oldest arts of which we have account. The tower of Babel was built of brick; and bricks

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are now sometimes brought by travelers from the place where old Babylon stood. What people were compelled to make bricks in Egypt, nearly 4000 years ago? Can you tell?

There is a piece of *Mosaic* found near Smyrna; do you know what Mosaic is? It is work wrought of marble, or shells, or ivory, or glass, or steel; then cut into small squares or diamonds, or some fanciful figures, and inlaid together. Some most splendid pictures are made of exceedingly small pieces of colored glass, cemented together at a great cost of time and skill. These pictures are often found in Catholic churches of Europe. They are very costly.

On the upper shelf there is a pair of Priest's Fans, from Siam, a very curious article,—they look more like a

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large spoon, than a fan. Farther down is one made of the leaf of the cocoa-nut tree, of which here is a picture.

Specimens of Olive, and Sandal wood, and fibres of the Allans-tree leaf. A box of Lentiles, such as those of

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which Jacob made red pottage. Gen. 25 : 29—34.

There are a great many other things in the case, which I cannot describe. Look carefully and find them all out.

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CASE THIRD.

We will pass to case third.

Ah, here is something which they used to write with in old times. They are reeds, little hollow sticks from which the pith is easily extracted, like a bulrush, for instance, only larger: a piece of metal, sharpened to a point was fastened in at one end. They are called styles. Now do you know how they wrote with them? "On paper, as you and I do." No, not yet. They had plates of wax, made smooth, and flat, and soft as wax can be made; on these the letters were readily drawn by the metal point. A pen, a real genuine quill like ours, they say, was

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first used by a king of Italy, called Theodoric. He was obliged to sign his name to a command that was to go abroad among his people; but how to do it, the king himself did not know. One of his counselors contrived to cut the letters of his name out of small blocks of wood; then he laid them down at the end of his command, and taking a pen drew lines all around them; when the blocks were taken away, behold, his name Theodoric!

There are Siamese cups and dishes; a pillow, and mat; a specimen of Siamese carving. There is a Wampum, an Indian peace belt. Some Dakota *rattles*, made of deer's toes. In case 7, you will see other Dokota articles, and learn more of that people. There are a great variety of Indian pipes. Have you ever heard about

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their Doctors? Smoking is an important part of their practice. There is a sick Indian. The doctors are sent for. They come and sit down. One takes his pipe, and holding it over his head, mutters a few words; then he puffs the smoke to east and to west, to the north and to the south; the other does the same. The ashes are then placed upon the hearth, into which one of these worthies puts his fingers; afterwards passing them up and down the pipe stem. Having gone through this, they examine the sick man. A bowl of water is now placed near him, with a part of which he fills his mouth, then groaning and grunting, and beating his breast, and creeping backwards and forwards on his hands and feet. A pretty position for a doctor truly! He is now ready to begin the

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cure, on the part of the sick man, which is affected; he spirts the water and then pretends to suck something from the sick man's wound, which he spits out upon the hearth. This he continues to do with many gruntings, and contortions of the body. Just think, how little good it can do! It must make the sick man sicker than before, I should suppose.

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CASE FOURTH.

Pass along a little farther to the next case, and here again is a great variety of articles.

There are Chinese and Siamese *Candlesticks* and *Candles*, and *Lamps*. These candles are made from the Tallow tree. It is about the size of a pear tree, with yellow blossoms. The fruit is enclosed in a husk, like a chestnut; when the husk opens, it shows three white grains, the size of a filbert. These contain the tallow. Sometimes the tallow is pressed out; sometimes it is obtained by boiling the bruised seed in water, and skimming off the oily matter that floats on the

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surface. Candles made of this tallow have been found nearly equal to those made of wax ; it is also used for cooking. The tallow trees are usually planted on large plains ; their purple or red leaves, and yellow blossoms give to the distant traveler, the appearance of a large and beautiful flower garden.

A box made of Elephant's teeth.

A stick of Olive, from Mount Olives. This tree is interesting from the frequent mention of it in Scripture. The mount of Olives was named from the abundance of this tree which grew there ; it is east of the city of Jerusalem, and separated from it by the little brook Kedron. How often Jesus walked there ; sometimes in company with his friends, sometimes alone. The garden of Gethsemane is on its

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side, where our blessed Lord passed those sad and distressful hours, just before Judas came in pursuit of him. It was there he stood when he gazed upon Jerusalem, and wept to think how soon it would be destroyed. What ravages, and crimes, and desolation has Olivet seen since the Saviour was there. It could tell a wonderful tale. It has witnessed none of the fruits of those blessed truths which Jesus came to teach. Nothing like piety has ever dwelt about Olivet, since the early disciples were there. In the year 1823, the Monthly Concert of prayer for May, was held on the Mount of Olives, by three American Missionaries—Messrs. Fisk, King, and Wolff; who had gone out on the Palestine mission. What sacred and solemn feelings must have filled their

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bosoms, as they stood where the footsteps of their Lord had been! And how great did they feel their privilege to have been permitted to come and preach his name in places once hallowed by his presence, and his instruction.

See that *small round cake;* it has the cross stamped upon it, and is the kind used by the Armenians at the Sacrament of the Lord's supper.

There is fruit of the Kharoub. This is the kind of food which the Prodigal son eat when he was pinched with hunger away from his home,—husks. The fruit is in flat pods, from a foot to fourteen inches long, and an inch and a half broad, enclosing flat, shining seeds. The substance of these husks is filled with a sweetish, honey-like kind of juice, from which a sort of

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wine, or liquor is made, much used by the inhabitants of Syria.

Variety of Spoons; a Knife carried in the belt, with small tongs at the end of the handle, for taking out coals for lighting their pipe.

A Turkish Comb. A Turkish Pipe too; quite an apparatus attached to it; the object of which you perceive to be, to let the smoke pass thróugh water before it reaches the mouth. The water purifies the smoke, and renders it more palatable, so smokers tell us, and the Turks must be allowed to be excellent judges in the matter.

A *Betel Cup*. The Betel nut is a favorite *cud* of the Eastern nations as you may have read. The nut is dried, cut into slices, usually four: these slices are wrapped up in the leaf of the black pepper vine, and sprinkled

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with quick lime. Thus prepared it is chewed, and enjoyed by the people as a great luxury. It is hot in the mouth, and stains the tongue, mouth and lips with a fiery orange color. It is thought to be good for the teeth. On visits of ceremony, the betel is presented to the guests on a waiter; the leaf in which it is wrapped being fastened by a clove. It seems quite unnecessary for people to have a cud of betel. Yet quite as sensible perhaps, as the quid of tobacco for men in this country.

The Betel is a beautiful tree, the tallest and slenderest of the Palm kind; and with a very smooth, white bark; its leaves form a round tuft at the top of the trunk. The nut is about the size of a hen's egg, it yields

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two crops a year, sometimes amounting to 300 nuts.

Here are some ancient books. A Syriac New Testament, 640 years old.

There is the Koran, in Arabic. The Koran is the Mahommedan Bible.

An ancient manuscript of the Gospels on vellum. "What is vellum?" A delicate kind of parchment, made from the skin of calves. The hair is stripped off, the skins are soaked in lime water, and then pared very thin; after which the surface is rubbed smooth with pumice stone. Look at it.

There is another ancient manuscript of the Psalms, which the Rev. Mr. Fisk, one of our first missionaries to Palestine, purchased of the Monks at a Greek Convent, near Jerusalem.

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A Syriac New Testament.

There is the silk Robe of a young Princess of Madagascar; she became a Christian, and was obliged to flee from a dreadful persecution raised against her by her Priests, and members of the royal family. Also a Dress, made from Tafa, the bark of a tree, from the Sandwich Islands.

Behold, a Priest's Razor, for shav-

ing the head; and a Shell Spoon for the Priests' use. These are from Siam. The Temples are called Wats. Here the Priests not only perform their religions, but instruct the boys

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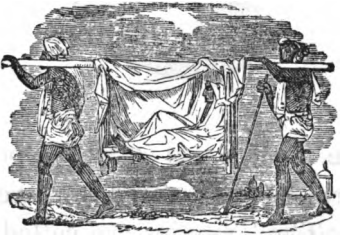
of the kingdom. You know in heathen nations, the girls are not considered worth instructing. The Priests are fed every day by the people round about; and are clothed by the king. Wats are seen everywhere. It is said that the priests are to possess only three garments, a razor, a begging dish, and a girdle. They live in the Wats, presenting rice, flowers, betel nuts, and making prayers before their gods.



A palanquin in miniature, something like this figure. How comfortably one

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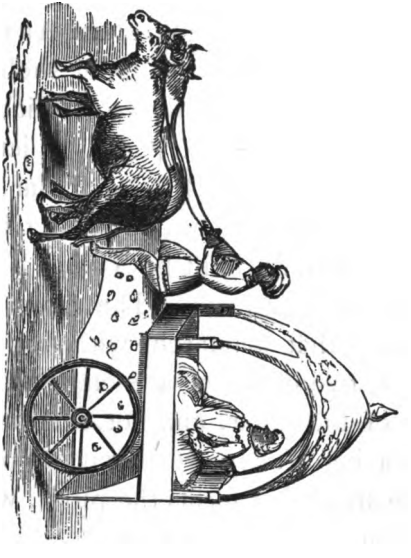
can ride in this carriage borne on men's shoulders; but the men must get very tired. I think I should prefer a cab, or wagon, or what is better, my own feet.

Here is a curious carriage drawn by



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a kind of oxen. There are some weavers, blacksmiths, and carpenters. And there is a Hindoo Harp, somewhat resembling a guitar. A camel's bell, which is hung to the wooden collar of one camel or more, in every caravan. A crocodile's egg, and a piece of ebony from Western Africa.

In the middle of the upper shelf is a very conspicuous object of which the engraving on the next page is a picture.

This is a model of a Pillar and Statues in the celebrated stone Choultry of Madura, built by Tumul Naick, some 250 years ago. The group represents that monarch with his five wives, two of them are on the other side of the pillar, and not seen in the engraving. They are all cut out of the same stone that forms the pillar, which is from 12 to 18 feet high.

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TAMUL NAICK AND HIS WIVES.

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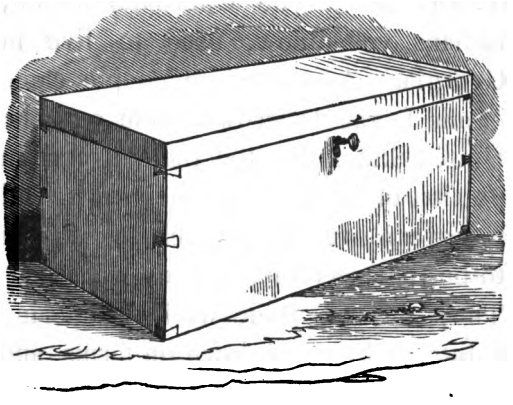
Look at that *little box*. It was made by two missionaries when they were in prison.



"Missionaries in Prison!" you will exclaim in astonishment. Yes, missionaries in prison, and in *this* country too, at the city of Milledgeville, in the State of Georgia.

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"When was it; and who were they? and what were they there for?" I hear you ask. I will tell you something about the affair, a sad affair it was too. The Cherokee nation, Indians you know, used to live in Georgia. As the white people came in and began to crowd them out, the United States granted them a certain portion of land to call their own, and to govern over as they chose; it was to be theirs as long as they wanted it. They forsook their wild, wandering habits, and settled down on farms, and began to cultivate the land very successfully; they had workshops, and good houses; missionaries went among them, and established schools, and taught them to read, and founded churches; indeed it was quite wonderful, how improved these Indians

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became. They seemed very happy and industrious, and tried to do as well as they could. But the people of Georgia at last said, "We want more land! we want the Cherokee land! Let us try and get rid of these Indians!" It was a very unjust thing, but they did not mind that. To accomplish this, the first thing to do was to send away the missionaries, for they knew the missionaries were friends to the Indians. A law was then made, declaring that nobody should live in Georgia, unless they swore allegiance to the State, and got permission from the governor to live there. This was a very new and strange proceeding: you know that people can go from one State to another, without asking the governor! It was considered an *unconstitutional* law, something they

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had no *right to* make; because it is contrary to that freedom, which the Constitution or written laws of our country have allowed us; and the missionaries were resolved not to obey it; they lived in the Cherokee country, and felt they had no right to be bound by such a law; they continued their labors as usual. A large body of men called the "Georgia guard," was organized, which hovered about the Cherokee lands, giving the poor Indians all the trouble they could. Colonel Nelson, with a party of armed men, were determined to seize the missionaries. They went to the house of the Rev. Mr. Worcester, and made him prisoner, with two or three Methodist clergymen. They were marched 22 miles through mire and water, abused by one Serjeant Brooks, who

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made it his business to torment them, using the most profane and wicked language. At night they were chained together by the ankle in pairs. As they went along, they met more armed men, with Dr. Butler, another missionary, who was arrested the day before. Poor Dr. Butler had a chain fastened around his neck, and the other end at the neck of his horse, by whose side he was compelled to walk. At night he was liable at every step to stumble, and be strangled by his chain. The forest roads were very bad at this season of the year; it was the spring of 1831. A soldier then took him up behind his saddle; in this situation the horse plunged, and they both fell; the soldier being injured quite badly. He went 35 miles with the chain about his neck. When they

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stopped for the night, the missionaries were all chained together. After traveling two or three days they reached Camp Gilman, and were thrust into jail. Brooks saying as they entered, "There is where all the enemies of Georgia have to land,—there and in hell." The jail was made of logs, with a floor of split poles, and without chair or table. No one was suffered to speak to them, and no one to write, unless the communication passed through the Colonel's hand. Was not this a dreadful situation for these dear missionaries?

In September they were brought to trial in Laurenceville. They engaged counsel, one gentleman offering his services without pay. The jury brought in a verdict of guilty. Judge Clayton then sentenced them to hard labor in

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the penitentiary for four years. They were all carried to Milledgeville. The governor and suite, the inspector of the prison came to them to learn whether they would promise to leave the State, and accept a pardon. All did but Mr. Worcester and Dr. Butler; they knew if they accepted a pardon, it would show that they considered themselves guilty, and they would have no opportunity of proving that the law was a wrong one. They, therefore put on the prison robes, and went in to be employed among the convicts. But these good men did much good while there; they used to preach on the Sabbath, and read the Scriptures; to pray and tell the poor convicts about the cross of Jesus. God blessed their labors, and several of the men, who were deservedly put in for their

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crimes, became pious, and gave evidence that their hearts were changed by the grace of God.

The missionaries now appealed to the Supreme Court of the United States, which is the highest court in the country. This court declared the doings of the Georgia court *wrong*, ordering the proceedings against the missionaries to cease, and "that they be dismissed therefrom." The court in Georgia refused to obey, and so things continued for many months. There were great political difficulties in the country at that time, which made this affair a very important and exciting one; and which, if prosecuted, might lead to some serious evils. In view of these, they were advised to withdraw their suit from the Supreme Court, and wrote to the governor of

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Georgia that they did not do this, on account of any change of views in regard to the principles upon which they acted, or of the justice of their cause, or of the right to a lawful discharge, but because they feared that the continuance of the controversy, under present circumstances, might be attended with injurious consequences to their beloved country. "We forbear the prosecution of our cause then, and leave the continuance of our confinement to the magnanimity of the State," they said. The governor immediately issued a proclamation, stating that they had appealed to the generosity of the State, and could be set at liberty. Colonel Mills took them from prison to his own parlor, then gave them a horse and wagon to return to their homes and labors, after remaining in

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prison 16 months, from September 1831, to January 1833. The Cherokee country meanwhile, had been forcibly seized by the Georgians; the Indian farms destroyed, and a large portion of the Indians themselves compelled to seek new homes elsewhere, far beyond the Mississippi. Alas, they have been sadly enough treated by the whites!

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CASE FIFTH.

THIS case is filled with specimens of Corals, Lava, and Minerals. Let us look at a few of them.

On the lower shelf there are some beautiful specimens of corals; and there are some specimens from the Tower of Skulls in the Isle of the Lotophagi.

Here, on the fourth shelf, is a piece of Mars Hill. What is there of interest about Mars Hill? Do you know? One of the greatest preachers of the world, St. Paul, went to Athens, that great and splendid city of Greece, to preach about Christ. The city was filled with gods and idolatry. But a

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time was, when a dreadful sickness carried away multitudes of the inhabitants, and every house was filled with grief. They prayed to their gods, and gave them the most costly offerings to make them stop the progress of the disease; neither prayers or offerings produced any effect; still the people died. Then they said, "*somebody* sent this sickness, and that somebody can alone stop it. Who is he? Where is he?" they asked mournfully and fearfully. Then they built an altar, and dedicated it to "The Unknown God," for they knew not his name, and prayed him to help them in their hour of need, when their own gods were feeble and powerless. Ah, the poor Athenians felt they were in the hands of a Mighty God.

A long while after, Paul came there,

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and as he passed down one of the streets, he beheld this altar, with the strange inscription upon it, "To the Unknown God." Paul's heart leaped for joy. "I will tell them who this God is," he said, "I know who he is, Jehovah, whose throne is in heaven. He has sent his beloved son to make known to man his power to save them." Then he began to preach with great earnestness the blessed truths of Christianity. Should you not suppose the people would have heard him gladly? Should you not think they would have been thankful enough to have learned who this unknown God was? No, no,—it was not so; they said, "he preaches a new God," "he preaches against our gods, let us carry him to court, to the great court of the Areopagus." Then they

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took Paul and carried him away to the Areopagus, which translated means Mar's Hill; it is a rocky eminence, formerly almost in the middle of the city, where this celebrated court of Athens was built; this court was composed of individuals, most distinguished for wisdom and experience, and it is said it pronounced its sentences of condemnation in the dark, in order not to be affected against, or in favor of the criminals, by a sight of their distress. It was before this tribunal that Paul was carried. "What is this that you preach about?" they ask of Paul. Then the great Apostle opened his mouth, and preached one of his most powerful sermons. His words were full of wisdom and truth, and such truth as never reached the ears of these men before. They listened

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with wonder; then some mocked, some laughed, and one there was who listened with breathless attention. The words of Paul went to his very heart. It was one of these great Justices, Dionysius, who became a Christian convert, and the firm friend of the preacher. After hearing him, no one seemed disposed to harm him, and he was quietly sent away.

No vestige of a building can now be found on Mar's Hill; it is one mass of stone, and its sides are steep and abrupt. It is interesting for the Christian traveler to visit the place, and think of the first sermon preached there eighteen hundred years ago. Not far from it are some ruins, which tradition says, are the palace of Dionysius the Areopagite.

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Here is a piece of Lava from the Sandwich Islands. You know what Lava is, do you not? the burning matter, which flows out of the mouth of volcanoes. One of the largest volcanoes in the world is at Hawaii, the largest of the Sandwich Islands. Let me tell you a little about it.

About twenty miles inland, you come to a large plain, fifteen miles round, and from two hundred to four hundred feet below the natural levels. This plain is very rugged and desolate. You will find it difficult to make your way along, until you arrive at an immense chasm, a thousand feet deep, and seven miles around; just think what a hole! Now look down, and at its bottom you will see fifty-one craters. Do you know what craters are? They are the chimneys of the volca-

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noes, through which, the smoke, and flame, and lava issue. Behold! twenty-one of the craters are on fire. See the tall column of smoke, whizzing out! and the huge flames, flaring upward. Take care! it is hot and sulphurous! One false step, and you may plunge into the burning gulf below. What a display is it of the power of God! The Sandwich Islanders thought this was the abode of one of their most awful godesses. Her name was Pele. They were very much afraid of her, and they fancied she would send torrents of fire all over the island if they did not keep her good-will by offerings of fruit, and sacrifices of beasts, sometimes even of men. The missionaries were resolved to visit this remarkable volcano. "You must carry something to Pele," said the natives; "you must

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get her permission to go there, or she will smother you; or send the fire after you,—you must offer sacrifices to Pele, or you will be dead men." "No," answered the missionaries, "we trust in the arm of God; He will defend us. We do not believe in Pele."

They were greatly terrified, and tried all they could to stop the missionaries in so dreadful an undertaking. But boldly they marched over the plain; they examined the country all about; they laid down and slept upon the very brink of the great chasm; and even went down into its dreadful depths. Yes, and after all they came back again, alive and well. When the natives saw them returning, they were astonished, and cried, "Great indeed is the God of the missionaries! Weak is Pele."

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And so was the cause of God honored by this first visit of white men to the great volcano of Hawaii.

There is a piece of native silver. What do you know about silver? We do not often see it in its native state. When it is used for coin or plate, it is mixed with one fifth copper, in order to make it hard. The silver articles which you sometimes see upon the table are often made of plated silver. Shall I tell you how it is prepared? In the first place, there is a smooth bar of copper, this is sprinkled over with borax; borax is a substance or salt, which has a peculiar power of helping to melt substances, which can be melted; then there is laid on the borax a plate of fine silver, about one twelfth of the weight of the copper, and these

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are all bound together by a wire. Then a red heat is applied to it, which melts the borax, and causes the copper and silver to stick fast together; it is taken out and passed through a rolling press, coming out an extended plane, and ready to be manufactured into articles called plated silver ware.

There is another way of plating, called "silvering," where mercury and silver is rubbed upon the surface of the copper. The mercury is thrown off by a great heat, leaving the silver fast sticking upon the copper.

Although silver can become beautifully polished, it very soon tarnishes in the air; especially where coal is burned, or where by any means sulphur gets dissolved in the air. Do you remember, when you have eaten your egg with a silver spoon, how dark the

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spoon becomes; it is caused by the sulphur which is contained in the white of the egg. Mustard spoons too are often much tarnished; this is occasioned by the flower of sulphur with which mustard is often adulterated. If you are heedful, you will exclaim, "What! has sulphur flowers?" No, no,—no such thing. What chemists call the flower of sulphur, is nothing but common sulphur reduced to a very fine powder, by a process called evaporation.

Ah, here is a piece of Sulphur, and some in crystals. Look at it. Great quantities of sulphur are found about the craters of Etna, and Vesuvius. Of what a pretty color is it! Sulphur springs are found in many countries. Virginia contains some very celebrated, to which invalids throng during the summer season. Harrow-

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gate springs in England too are visited greatly by the sick.

Sulphur is an excellent medicine, and I dare say you have taken it, and there are a great many more things to learn about this, and silver too, than I can now stop to tell you. Oh, what fields for study, do God's works open to your mind! Do not spend your time in silly and foolish reading, when He has surrounded you by so many objects, the investigation of which will yield you rich harvests of knowledge, and so many delightful evidences of His goodness and wisdom, presiding everywhere. Do you remember the hymn,

" Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sovereign will.

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His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain;
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain."

What else is there here?

There is a piece of limestone from Malta, where Paul was shipwrecked. You remember the story I suppose.

Some fine specimens of Marble. One piece from the Parthenon, in Greece. The Parthenon was a celebrated Temple, dedicated to Jupiter.

Minerals abound here. I do not know which to tell you about. If you visit the Cabinet with some intelligent friend, he will tell you about those you shall point out.

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CASE SIXTH.

Now comes the sixth case, on the end of the room, opposite to case one.

This is the India Cabinet. Let us see what it contains. It is full enough, that is certain. We do not expect to describe a quarter part of all the curious things contained in these cases; you must look them out yourselves. Let us look at some of the articles. India, you know, is in the southern part of Asia; you had better look upon the map, and find out the very places from which these things come.

On the lower shelf of this India cabinet, are various kinds of India cloths; yes, and two hooks. Look at

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those hooks! Do you know what they were used for, these *very hooks?* Can you guess? Why they have been put through the flesh of people's backs to swing them up by. You have seen the picture of it, I dare say. Dr. Scudder has told the children in many of our Sabbath schools about it; and he has written to others concerning it; and the Mass. S. S. Society has published his Sermon to children, in which he speaks of it, and in which there is a picture of this cruel custom. These poor creatures are swung by ropes, to which they hang by the hook, around a high pole, as you see in the picture on the next page, until they are almost dead through sufferings. Those very hooks have seen such cruel work. I am glad the missionaries got them away.

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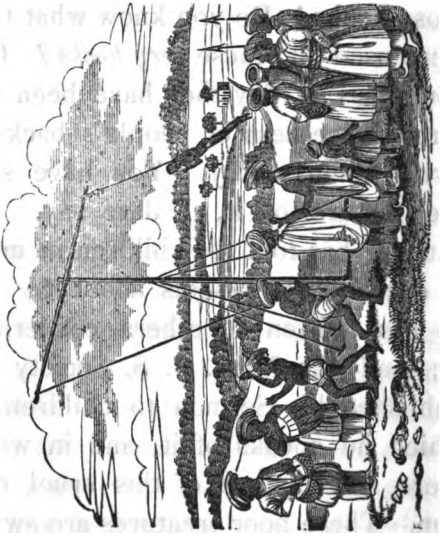

This is done by some poor man, who feels he is a great sinner; he goes to a Brahmin, and asks what he shall do to be saved? "Swing by a hook," perhaps the Brahmin answers. See how he obeys. A Brahmin is a Hindoo priest, very much thought of

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by the people. Do you suppose after all this sad torture, the poor man feels any better? Do you suppose he thinks the burden is removed from his heart? Oh, I am afraid not. He still must find no peace, no joy, no light. If he only had the Bible, that would tell him a very different story. Oh, let us try to send the Bible to all these poor heathen.

On the next shelf are female ornaments of divers kinds; some for the forehead, some for the toes, some for the fingers, some for the ears. There are two red ornaments full two inches round, which are thrust into a hole made in the ear. How the hole must be stretched to get them through!

See those large brass hoops, with green and blue stones suspended from

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them; those are put into the nose. How funny they must look dangling from the nose's tip!

On the third shelf there is something which looks like a three legged spider. It is called a tripod; a conch shell is upon it. A Brahmin,—you know I told you, a Brahmin is a Hindoo priest,—puts water into this conch shell, then blows at the water through another conch shell, until he makes it as holy as the Ganges.

The river Ganges they call sacred: bathing in its waters they think will bathe away some sins from the soul. When the water in the shell is made holy, then it is sprinkled upon the heads of the sick, or the dying, and they say it prepares them for heaven—for the Hindoo heaven perhaps, and

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nobody can tell very well where that is. I am sure it cannot be the true God's blessed and sinless heaven.

Oh, behold that brass idol, standing up in a copper basin. He is going to be bathed,—see that spoon-shaped vessel beside it. Water is put into this, and made holy I suppose, then it is dipped out to bathe the idol in: what foolish ceremonies for men to be engaged in. These things would do much better for a baby-house, for some little girls.

See! a huge knife, with a point like a crow's bill! it is a knife for cutting up sacrifices with. Then there is a

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Chowry to brush the idols, to get the dust off, or to drive the flies away, or to keep them cool. What funny gods, not to be able to take care of themselves.

There are sticks of white paint, to paint their bodies with; and stamps to mark the body; this is some ceremony of their religion.

Images again! See just above, there are images of Ganesa, of Humemun, of Radha, of Krishna, and of Vishnoo; those six little clay Idols, found on the banks of the Ganges soon after they were made. Oh, does it not seem very strange how they could think of worshiping such things!

There are songs used by a sect of mendicants, or religious beggars; and an ornament, like a little barrel, worn on the neck of a religious mendicant,

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who has since been converted to Christianity.

There are a comb and beads, worn by children set apart to be sacrificed. Children to be sacrificed! little children! I suppose that great sacrificial knife, was used to cut them up. How cruel is heathenism!

On the next shelf are pictures of Hindoo servants,—shoes,—some curious specimens of writing on leaves. Leaves of the Talpot tree are used. Did you ever write on birch bark? One can write very prettily upon it; paper is far better though.

But let us learn something of this Talpot tree, because all native books are written upon it. It is used to teach children to write upon. Letters are cut in by a sharp pointed instrument, made of metal, called a style.

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Then to make the letters seen, a preparation of oil and charcoal is smeared over them to make the lines cut in, black enough to be plain. The Talpot leaf is cut into pieces, about eighteen inches long, and two broad. Some books contain two or three hundred leaves. Three inches from each end, a hole is made, through which a string passes to keep them together; the two outsides are pieces of wood. Some have the leaves and edges covered with gold. It takes a great while to copy a book. How do you suppose a copyist, that is a man who copies books, is known? He is known by his *long thumb nail*, which has a notch in it, to rest the style in while he writes.

The first words of every book written by the natives, is an offering of adoration to Budha, the chief god of

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all. In one book you will find it begins like this, "Adoration to him who is the deified, the sanctified, the omniscient, supreme Budha." In another book, these words perhaps, "To him, whose voice resembles that of Brahma; to him who is the rock of benignities, to Budha, the teacher of the three worlds, I make obeisance."

The Talpot tree is useful for more purposes than one. I will tell you something more about it. It runs straight up, like a mast, one hundred feet high, with a tuft of leaves upon the top. The wood is sometimes used for rafters; the pith is used for native food. It is beaten in a mortar until it becomes like dough. It does not bear any flower or fruit until the last year of its life, and then the flower smells so disagreeably, that people sometimes

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cut them down before it blossoms. Its leaves are the most curious and useful part of it; so large are they, that one alone can cover fifteen or twenty persons. Fans and umbrellas are made of them; but most of all is it used for paper. There are specimens of writing on the palm leaf from the school at Bengal, and here are books so written.

Behold, in the upper part of the case, the dress of an Hindoo Queen, and many specimens of Eastern dress; wedding garments, &c. An ornamental image, taken from the car of Juggernaut.

On the opposite page is a picture of Durga. This is a terrific goddess, the wife of Siva, the Destroyer. Siva is one of the Hindoo Triad, BROONAH, the

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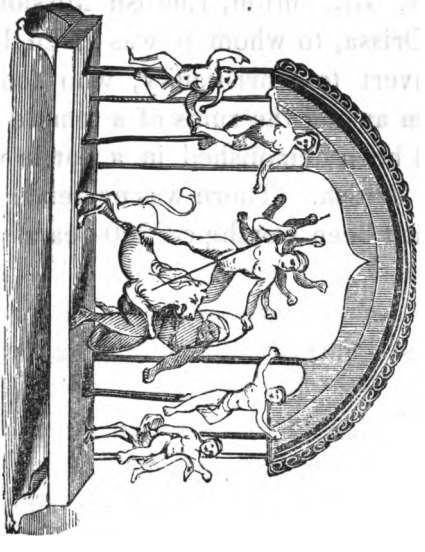
Creator, VISHNO, the Preserver, and SIVA, the Destroyer.



GODDESS DURGA.

In passing from this case we go by that corner where the great idol of the Sandwich Islands is. Look at him! And see that large gilt colored idol in

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a case, just over him. That is called Gandama. It was presented to the Rev. Mr. Sutton, English Missionary at Orissa, to whom it was given by a convert to Christianity, who took it from among the ruins of a temple that had been demolished in a battle with the British. There was evidence that it had been worshiped 200 years.

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CASE SEVENTH.

On the east side of the room extends the seventh case, which is divided into several compartments, and contains a great variety of articles.

There is a pair of Siamese Fetters, for criminals. One often sees a poor man dragging himself about in the streets, his ankles in fetters, and these confined at the two ends by a chain. The skin often becomes quite worn off by their galling.

Musical pipes of the Arabians, and Indian War articles, and numerous other musical instruments, drums, trumpets, timbrels, and a great variety of war instruments, from different

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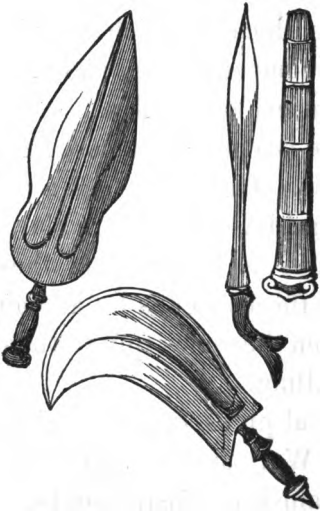
countries; many of them very beautiful. Here are pictures of some of their weapons. The two side ones are from Africa, and the others from the Indian Archipelago.



A pair of Turkish Bellows; Turkish

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cannon ball, huge enough. Also a sixty-eight pounder that was fired into the rooms of the Seminary, Mission House, Beirût, from the ship Ganges, September 11, 1840. And another sixty-eight pounder, that was shot into Rev. Mr. Wolcott's bed-room, Mission House, Beirût, September 12, 1840.

There are shepherds' crooks too; we often see them in pictures. But we never see them around us; there is no class of people in this land, having the exclusive care of sheep, and properly called Shepherds. They are found in Scotland, Spain, and the Eastern countries, either where there is a great deal of more pasture land, or where the people live a wandering life. There was *one* company of shepherds peculiarly favored. They heard sweeter and softer music than ever reached

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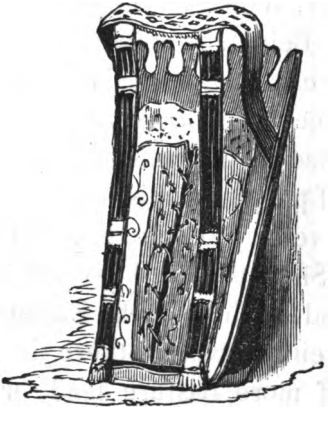
other human ears. Do you remember what ones they were ?

There is a Canoe made of birch, and an Indian Cradle, of which here is a picture.



Some *Sandals* brought from Ceylon, and some more Chinese Shoes. Do you know what sandals are ? A sort

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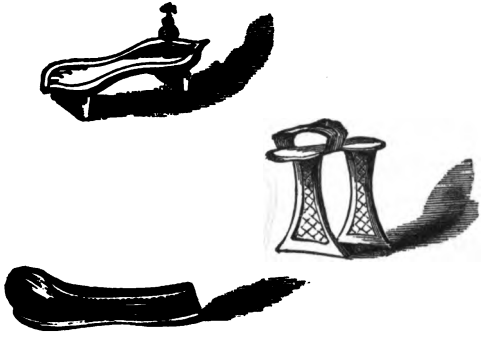
of half shoe, the sole only lacing over the feet. It is the most ancient covering for the foot.



Ah, here are some Hobbahs, or Ghilts worn by eastern ladies at weddings, also at their balls.

Specimens of ancient pottery are here, some from Greece. There is a drinking vessel, something in the style of our pitchers, only a little more slender; so it would seem the form is

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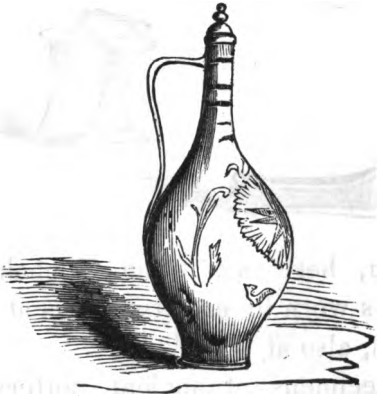
a very old one, three thousand years old, perhaps.

Here is the picture of an earthen jar, used by the more respectable Turkish families in bringing water from the public fountains.



There is a glass bottle too, taken from a tomb near Carthage. Do you know where Carthage is, or was? It

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has now almost ceased to exist. It is in the north of Africa, and a very, very old place. There is a story that the people who built the city discovered glass too. They were from Tyre, on the eastern part of the Mediterranean sea. It is said, that as the sailors were trying to make their pot boil, over a fire kindled by some dry sea-weed on the beach, they espied something shining among the coals. "What is it?" they asked wonderingly. Out they drew it, and behold! a thing entirely new,—a piece of *glass!* "But how came it there?" you may ask. Glass is made of sand, and the ashes of sea-weed. These materials were both on the beach; becoming heated, they melted, and run together, forming the new and valuable compound, which we call glass.

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The word Dakota often occurs in this case. There is a Dakota knife-sheath; a Dakota war-club; a Dakota spoon made from the horn of a buffalo; a ladle, too, manufactured from the horn of a black tailed deer; a bow and arrows.

There is a Dakota hatchet-pipe, or pipe of peace. The pipe, it seems, is quite an important article to the Indian. When two tribes make a treaty of peace, the chiefs sit down together on the ground, and the hatchet-pipe is passed around for each to smoke. They say, "We no use hatchet, that for war; we use pipe, that is peace." After smoking together, they become very friendly.

"Who are the Dokatas? I never heard of them before. Do they live in India?"

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They are Indians, though they did not come from India. They are a large and powerful tribe of Indians living about west from Lake Superior, between the Mississippi river and the Missouri. They call themselves the Dakotas, but the whites usually call them Sioux. They are not a very happy race, as you will judge, when I tell you a little about them.

I suppose you know that Indians never *make idols*, like the Hindoos, or as the Sandwich Islanders did. They never have any *images;* but they are still very heathenish, for they worship a great variety of objects,—the sun, the moon, the stars, the winds, the trees, serpents, rocks, spiders, water, indeed it were in vain to reckon all the things they pray to. The Dakotas say they pray to stones the oftenest,

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and why? Because they are so *many of them*,—a good reason truly. They make offerings to stars, too. Sometimes you will see them casting on a favorite stone, a piece of tobacco, a pipe, a bunch of flowers, a whisp of grass, thinking it will please the stone, and make it listen to their prayers.

I will tell you how they show their grief. A woman once heard of the death of her brother. She howled all night. It was winter, and the snow very deep. Early the next morning, she came out of her tent with two other women, and began to scrape away the snow a few feet round, and there kindled up a little fire. Then each one took a sharp stone and began to cut gashes in their bodies, dancing round the fire, and shrieking horribly. The sister of the dead man, cut as

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many as a hundred on her arms, bosom, legs and body, the blood trickling down and reddening the snow all around her. The more she cut, the more she howled, until quite exhausted she fell down upon the snow, with scarcely any clothes upon her body! Was it not dreadful!

They know so little how to take care of themselves in the winter, that sometimes they suffer very much from hunger. You know they have no gardens, or houses, or crops. They live in tents made of buffalo skins. When their dried buffalo meat is gone, and the corn which they raised in the summer,—for they never seem to remember the future, and eat it up very carelessly,—then they are sometimes obliged to live upon a syrup made of hickory boiled down, or acorns, or

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skunks, or just what they can lay their hands upon. You would not like to be a Dakota, should you?

This case contains many specimens of the Dyaks, a strange race of men, living in the Island of Borneo. Almost every thing we find here relates to war; for they are as warlike and savage a race, as ever existed. Have you ever heard any thing about them? I will tell you a little.

What do you suppose makes a man to be held in the greatest esteem? Who do you suppose is the most honorable Dyak? It is the man who has got the greatest *number of heads;* the heads of their enemies are always cut off, and carefully secured. They are taken home. There is a particular spot in the village, where a rude fire-

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place is built for the purpose of boiling the head. The hair is taken off first, then the head is boiled until the flesh drops off. Men, women, and children dance and feast around the pot, while it boils. The skull is at length taken out, and after being wiped and dried, is fastened up in the most conspicuous place in the hut of the man who cut it off. Sometimes a long row of skulls marks the residence of a great man. Horrid, is it not? Often, when a young man desires to marry a pretty girl of his tribe, the father says,

"You go and bring me one, or two, or three, or six heads, as an evidence of your bravery, then I will let you have my daughter." Away goes the young man. If his tribe is not at war with another tribe, what shall he do? He has no enemies. That makes no

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difference. He jumps into his boat, carrying his arrows and hatchet, and sails down the river,—on, and on he goes, until he comes to some distant tribe. Then he hides his boat among the tall grass that grows by the bank, and lies in wait himself, till somebody comes along. By and by, steps approach, he peeps out to see whence they come. It is a lone man, perhaps. He draws his bow, takes aim, and fires! The man staggers, falls, and dies. Out runs the murderer, chops off his head, and carries it to his boat. If this happens to be all that is required of him, he sails back to his village as fast as possible, and presents the head to the girl's father. If two or three more was the number, he stays until he gets them! Now is not this horribly savage?

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If you look attentively into this case, you will notice how many war weapons there are. There are *War Caps*, and one for peace, made of braided cane, with feathers stuck in, quite fanciful, is it not?

There, too, is a sword, and a larger one, a broad-sword. Now it is a very curious fact, that when these people were first discovered by the English, swords of the finest polish and nicest edge, were found among them. "Where could these swords come from?" asked the English, as they handled them over and over; for it is a very great and difficult art to make fine steel cutting instruments. Sure enough, where did they come from? Why the Dyaks made them; and they had understood the art of polishing steel for ages, which was very curious, considering

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how very ignorant they were about almost every thing else. It shows how much more attention they paid to weapons of war, than to articles of comfort.

On the lower shelf there is a pair of horns of a young mountain goat, found on Mount Sinai, at the foot of which, you remember, the law was delivered. On the next page is a picture of Moses receiving the law. Horns of the Antelope, from West Africa; and several other specimens of curious horns. There is a whale's tooth, a tusk of the Barbarossa, and a tusk of the Hippopotamus. Here are mats for carrying bread too and from the ovens. A specimen of the Palmyra fruit, and two bones of the Saw Fish.

At the right side of this case, at the top, there are several coats of mail,

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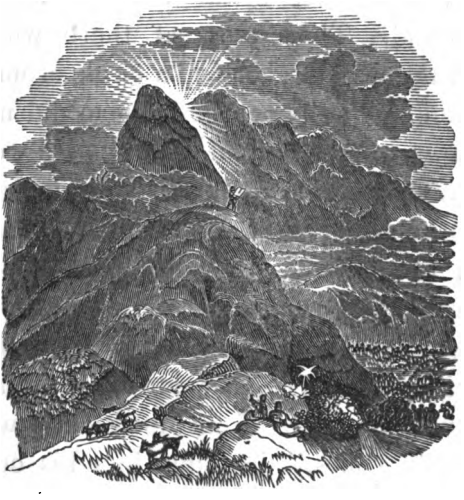
one covered with scales,—how curiously it looks.



The first Englishman that went among the Dyaks, surprised them greatly. They did not know whether

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he came in peace or war. "In peace," he said. "Then we will make a treaty of peace," declared the chief; and he led his guest upon a little rising ground. They two sat there while all the warriors formed a circle around them. The poor Englishman did not know what was coming next. He well knew he was in their power, so he said nothing. Then a small cut was made in the chief's arm, and some blood drawn out in a cup. The same was done to the Englishman. When this was done, the chief said to him, "Here, you drink some of my blood, and I will drink yours," handing him his cup. He obeyed the chief, and drank! It was hard to swallow,—blood of all things to drink! What was left the chief mixed together, and said, "Let us drink again." They drank again.

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"Now we are friends," declared the chief, "and my people shall not hurt the hair of your head." The Englishman did not think it was the best way in the world to make friends, and he was greatly relieved when it was over.

"I should have thought the missionaries would have been afraid to have gone among such beings," says a little child near me.

"Oh, no, the missionaries are afraid of nobody. They know they are minding the Lord Jesus, in carrying the gospel into these dark lands, and they feel He will take care of them. Besides they go to *do the people good*,—and no heart is so hard, that will kill a man when he comes to do him good. When the missionaries did go, they were received very kindly. They seemed very willing to hear, and

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wanted to learn more about what the missionaries came for; they brought them rice, and eggs, and cucumbers to eat. One day, as they traveled along, they saw a water-jar, and a short spear, sitting down by the way-side. "Whose are these?" they asked. "This is the line between two tribes, and this water-jar and spear shows they are at peace; if they are taken away it is a declaration of war," was the answer. The missionaries then were very glad to look upon them, for they love every token of peace.

I hope these good men out there, will do a great deal of good. You must look into the Day-Spring, and Missionary Herald, and see what news there comes from the poor Dyaks of the Island of Borneo. Which should

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you rather be, a Dyak, or Dakota? Not much to choose, is there? Ah, thank God, that you were born a Christian.

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CASE EIGHTH.

LET us look a moment into the case in the middle of the room. See! what beautiful shells, and fine specimens of coral. There are some sea-plants too. Though they look like plants they are of animal origin. They seem like dried vegetable plants, do they not? If you are ever in doubt whether an article belongs to the vegetable or animal kingdom, burning a piece of it will decide the matter. If it is an animal nature, there is an oily fatty smell, very perceivable. I love to look on coral, and think how it is wrought up by the industry of little living creatures. It would not seem possible,

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that one of these animalcule could accomplish much, so small and insignificant does it appear; and yet by their united efforts, they make whole Islands and coasts of whole continents. You can learn a valuable lesson from them. If you are ever disposed to hide away from duty, and screen yourself behind your littleness, saying, "What good can *I* do? I, a little girl, or, a little boy? What good can I do for my Saviour? What good can I do for the poor heathen? Little I, cannot do any thing." Ah, think of the little coral insect; *that* does not say so, no indeed! But it goes to work, taking right hold just what is before it; perhaps it stands on a few grains of sand, there it begins to lay the foundation of a new shore, or carves out the floor of a new Island. Little by little it works

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the work its Master gives it; never grumbling, never shrinking.

Now cannot you do your part? It may be but a bit, but you must try to do it, cheerfully, heartily. Do you remember these verses? Perhaps you do not.

"What can I do for Jesus Christ,
So small a child as I?
Oh, Mother, if I were a man,
How earnestly I'd try,
To do the utmost in my power
For my dear Saviour's sake;
But such a little one as I,
No sacrifice can make."

MOTHER.

"I am not sure, my little son,
That children may not do,
Much for the cause of Jesus Christ,
Even as young as you.
The coral insects well you know,
Do toil beneath the waves;

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Little by little,—day by day,
Down deep in ocean caves.

Most silently they raise their piles,
And reefs of wond'rous forms;
And islands large—in time, are made,
By these poor little worms.
So think of this, my little son,
Strive to do what you can;
Little by little—day by day—
Nor wait to be a man.

There's much a little one can do,
If earnestly he'll pray,
That God will bless his simple means,
And point to him the way.
The offerings of a little child,
In humble spirit given;
However small, will always prove,
Acceptable to Heaven."

For one moment, before we leave the Cabinet, cast your eye at the top of the room. See, over the door is a

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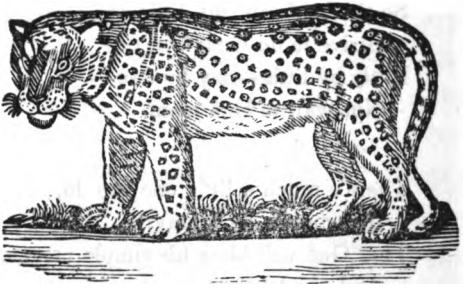
huge basket made by a Sandwich Islander, from a vine that grows in Hawaii. A Zulu Beer Basket, and a Dyak Provision Basket. There is a Leopard skin from Africa. Here is a



picture of a Leopard. A spinning wheel from Siam. A Sioux or Dokota shield, with a scalp of a Pawnee Indian suspended to it. A Dyak shield, one from the Indian Archipelago, and one from South Africa. These shields reminds us of the pas-

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sage, "Above all, taking the shield of faith, wherewith ye shall be able to quench all the fiery darts of the wicked." Eph. 6 : 16.

There, near the great Idol from the Sandwich Islands, is a huge Calabash, or gourd, from the Islands, around which the natives sit and eat with their fingers.

At the end of case seventh, is a leathern wine-bottle, such as is referred to in Luke 5 : 37. On next page is a picture of a similar bottle, made of the skin of an animal taken off whole.

Between cases five and six are some highly colored Chinese pictures. One is a likeness of Leang-A-far, a converted Chinese, and his son; and the other is a representation of the Chinese God of Wealth, Plutus.

You will see, my dear children,

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there are hundreds of articles in the cases, which I have not described. I hope you will all visit the Cabinet, and spend a forenoon there. A sight

of it will make you realize, into how many tribes and nations the missionaries have gone; and how very differently these tribes and nations live

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from us. They are all of them savages or only half civilized, having a thousand strange and cruel customs.

While you are looking about, let these two questions arise in your mind. First, when the dear missionaries, who are now in the field, are dead, and already they are dying off, who shall go and take their places? And not only their places, but the hundreds of other places, where the poor heathen are crying out, "Give us Bible teachers!" "Give us one of the new teachers!" "Send to us one of the preachers that come over the big waters!" Who is preparing to go and occupy these important stations? My dear children, *you* must be thinking of it yourselves. You must be saying among yourselves: "Must not *I* get ready to go? The Lord Jesus

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has done every thing for me; must not I obey the command, which he so solemnly enjoined upon those who loved him, to carry His Gospel to every creature,—it was his last command just before he went up to heaven, must not I obey it?" Think of it my son; think of it, little girl. Perhaps you may be among those whom God may select for this great and blessed work.

The other question is, when our fathers and mothers, and all the good people who give their money and their prayers to help *send out* the missionaries, are gone, who will *then* do it? Ah, children, you are growing up to occupy their places in the *church*, as well as in the store and the workshop. To you is the Saviour looking for help

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and co-operation. Are you getting ready for it? Is your heart right? When Jesus knocked at your door, did you open it and let him in? Do you pray? Are you trying to *earn* something to spread the knowledge of your Saviour? Are you dropping your cents into the missionary box.

While some of your number may become missionaries, and go out to heathen lands; others of you will stay at home to earn the money to send them out; each laboring for your Heavenly Master. Am I not already addressing some of those little laborers? Is it you?—Or you?—Or you?

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THE COMMITTEE ROOM.

As we pass out of the Cabinet, on the right hand is a door, which enters into the Committee Room, and Library. Let us walk in. It is a spacious room, surrounded by book cases, filled with books. There is a long table in the centre covered with green, with chairs all around it. How pleasant to sit here and explore some of the interesting books which line the room. How quiet and retired it is. The noise of the great city does not penetrate here; while you seem to be in company with the great and good men, whose spirits are gone to heaven. Behold their portraits! Portraits of

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some of the distinguished friends and officers of the Institution.

This is the room where the Prudential Committee meet once every week, to transact the important duties of the Board.

"How long has the American Board of Foreign Missions existed?" perhaps some young person may ask. I will tell you. In the year 1807, there was a very pious young man at Williams College, in Massachusetts, by the name of Samuel J. Mills. His heart burned with desire to tell the poor heathen about Jesus Christ; but there were no missionaries in those days, and he knew not what to do. He determined to talk on the subject with two of his friends. They went away into a distant field, and by the side of a haystack, spent the day in fasting, in

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prayer, and in conversing about the duty of missions. What hallowed intercourse! While they remained at College, and after they went to the Theological Seminary at Andover, they talked a great deal upon this new subject; and the result was, that five young men resolved to establish a mission somewhere among the heathen.

"But who shall support them?" "Where shall we get the funds to go?" was asked of one and another. Here were five young men ready to leave home and friends for Christ's sake; will not the churches come forward and furnish them with means of so noble an undertaking?" The subject was brought before the Association of Congregational Ministers of Massachusetts. When two of that Association were riding to the meet-

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ing in a chaise together, talking over the matter, they originated the idea of the American Board. These were Dr. Spring, of Newburyport, and Dr. Worcester, of Salem, two distinguished divines of that day. In 1810, Friday, June 27, at the town of Bradford, Massachusetts, the General Association of the Ministers of Massachusetts, Voted, "That there be instituted by this Association a Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, for the purpose of devising ways and means, and adopting and procuring measures for promoting the spread of the Gospel in Heathen Lands." It was incorporated by the Legislature in 1812. Dr. Spring was chosen Vice President, and Rev. Dr. Worcester, Corresponding Secretary. There is the portrait of Dr. Worcester, the elderly gentle-

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man, on the west side of the room, the upper one of the two, that hang there. In 1819, his labors as Secretary, had become so extensive, that he felt he could not retain the office of settled Pastor, at Salem. His church told him they would give up three fourths of his service, and settle a colleague with him. The Rev. Elias Cornelius was installed as such. In 1821, it was necessary for one of the Board to visit the South. Dr. Worcester was sent, his feeble health rendering a voyage to the South necessary. Neither the sea voyage, nor the warm climate was of benefit to him. Though fast failing, he greatly desired to visit the mission stations of the Cherokee nation. Arriving at Brainard, the missionaries took him from the carriage in their arms, while he said to them,

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"I had rather leave my poor remains here, than at any other place." Not long after, one morning, he cast his eyes heavenward, and smiling, gave up his spirit to his God. He was greatly beloved and much lamented by the churches.

Jeremiah Evarts succeeded him. There is his portrait too, on the right. Mr. Evarts was a warm friend of missions, and a very holy man. Removing from New Haven, Conn., where he was a lawyer, to Boston, he edited, in 1810, the Panoplist, among the first religious papers in the country. This paper served to awaken a deep interest in missions. The Missionary Herald afterwards took its place. In 1823, Rev. Rufus Anderson became Assistant Secretary. Mr. Evarts died in Charleston, South

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Carolina, where he had gone for health, of consumption, on the 10th of May, 1831, ten years after Dr. Worcester. For many years had he faithfully devoted his great talents, deep piety, and superior wisdom to the cause of missions, and deeply did the Board feel his loss.

Rev. Dr. Cornelius, once the Associate Pastor of Dr. Worcester, at Salem, succeeded Mr. Evarts as Secretary. His portrait, there it is, at the farther corner, on the right, as you enter the room. How beautiful and serene is the face. Alas, early next year he was called home to heaven. He died suddenly of brain fever, at Hartford.

After this, the correspondence becoming more and more extensive, instead of having one Secretary, it was

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concluded to have three. Rev. Dr. Wisner, for the Domestic correspondence; Rev. Rufus Anderson for the Foreign; and Rev. David Green to correspond with the Indian missions, and to edit the Herald.

Dr. Wisner's portrait is here too. There it is near the door. Three years after his appointment, in 1835, Dr. Wisner died, after an illness of only four days. What a clear, calm, expression upon his features! I love to look upon them. His eyes seem speaking.

Under the portrait of Dr. Worcester, is a beautiful and very expressive portrait of Hon. William Reed, for many years the Chairman of the Prudential Committee of the Board, and friend of all the great benevolent objects of the day. He was President of the Mas-

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sachusetts Sabbath school Society, from its organization till his death in 1837.

After we have glanced around the Library, and taken a look into this little room adjoining, we will go.

Ah, look here! See this old chair, in this little room! How came this old chair in such a place; where all around is so clean and nice. See how it has been distinguished; it is the chair in which the great Whitefield died! I suppose you have heard of him, one of the most wonderful preachers that ever lived since the time of the Apostles.

He was an Englishman, and an Episcopalian; but he loved preaching so much, that he would preach wherever he could collect a congregation; indeed he was so solemn, so earnest,

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and so eloquent, that no building was large enough to hold the multitudes of people who flocked to hear him. He used to preach in open fields, on hill sides, and amid the groves. He traveled extensively in England, Scotland, and in this country. In Scotland, he with some other clergymen, held a series of meetings at one time, at which it was estimated there were present forty thousand people! Think what a number! They were out among the braes; brae, is hill in Scottish. The deepest solemnity rested upon every mind. The Lord's Supper was administered to nearly three thousand; for this purpose three large tents were erected. Great numbers were awakened to a sense of their sins, and found their Saviour. When he came to this country, his preaching

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produced a very great effect. Every body felt when they heard him, that they had souls to save; and that they must not delay so great a business, even for a moment. One day a notice was given that he would preach at Portsmouth, N. H. That day he was visited by dreadful pains, the effect of a disease, which he had about him. A physician was immediately sent for, who came, and was just going to give him some medicine, when Whitefield cried out, "Doctor, my pains are suspended; by the help of God, I will go and preach, and then come home and die!" He arose from his bed, dressed himself, and went into the pulpit, when he looked as pale as death. He told them he was a dying man, come to bear his dying testimony to the blessed gospel which he preached.

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Then he exhorted them to turn unto the Lord, who made them, and died for them. The whole congregation wept. When at least he reached home, he was laid on a bed by the fire, and so deathlike and still was he, that his friends whispered, "He is gone." After this, he revived again, and had the privilege of telling men many times after of the love of Christ.

What earnestness of purpose! What devotion to his Master's cause, so great, that it almost overcame his sickness. Cannot we, who sometimes lay in the way of duty, find something here to imitate.

In September, 1770, Whitefield's labors were abundant. For five days from the 17th to the 21st he preached every day in Boston. He then went to Portsmouth, where he spoke every

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day for seven days, to immense crowds. On Saturday, the 29th, he preached two hours at Exeter, in the open air. In the afternoon he rode to Newburyport, in order to be there on the Sabbath, where he had engagements to preach. When the Sabbath morning came, a clear pleasant September Sabbath, Whitefield was dying! He died, sitting in this chair. His Lord had a nobler and better work for him in Heaven to do. He desired to be buried in front of the pulpit of his friend Rev. Jonathan Parsons. This church is in Federal street, Newburyport. In 1829, a cenotaph was erected to his memory by the munificence of Mr. William Bartlett, Esq. Rev. J. Stearns is now pastor of that church.

"What is a cenotaph? my son."

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If you have been here long enough, let us go now; perhaps we will come again; for every time we come we shall find out new and interesting things, which the missionaries are constantly sending home from their various fields of labor, to inspect and inquire about.

When we get out into Pemberton Square, let us look up to this dear Missionary House, dear, because we love every thing connected with the Missionary cause. "It is a fine building, is it not?"

"Does the Board own it?" Yes, it owns it. It was bought with a part of the permanent fund left to it by individuals; it is called a permanent fund because the principal can not be spent, only the interest accruing from

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it. Instead of paying this out for rent, which they always had done, it was thought best, by wise advisers, to take the principal from the banks and invest it in real estate. This is a much safer investment, because banks sometimes fail; while real estate, houses and lands, are sure, especially in a city of such growing prosperity as Boston.

Now let us bid it "good-bye," and we must, I suppose, bid each other "good-bye," too. Perhaps we may come here again together, my dear children. Meanwhile remember what you have learned, and may it awaken in your minds a still increasing spirit of inquiry. Remember you have but one life to live; spend it, in treasuring up useful knowledge, and in getting

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above all *that* knowledge which will enable you to serve your Lord acceptably, and reach heaven at last.

Good-bye, children, good-bye, God bless you.

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